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TO DO, OR NOT TO DO?

'If you want a thing well done, do it yourself,' is a saying so common that it has almost passed into a national proverb; but, as is the case with the generality of aphorisms, something may be advanced on the opposite side of the question. In this instance, the 'something' was said long ago by a very great man, and in a form as epigrammatic as the better-known phrase. It is related of the first Duke of Wellington that he gave advice to a friend in the words: 'Never do anything yourself that you can get done for you.' In these days of high-pressure, people who are at all prominently before the world, or who have regular and important occupations, are often so overworked that they act perhaps involuntarily, or even unconsciously, on the system recommended by the Iron Duke.

The man who is any way a chief must have subordinates; and probably not only his permanent success in life, but his comfort and peace of mind, will largely depend on his skill in systematically apportioning the work to be performed by each assistant. At the same time, his rules must not be too rigid for individual character to have a little play. After all, provided the necessary work be really well done, it is wise not to meddle overmuch with the manner of doing it. No servant is absolute perfection all round; and there is seldom any real progress made without some compromises proving necessary.

No doubt there are people with such a high, and consequently false idea of human possibilities of perfection, that they are positively pained by every shortcoming in their surroundings which happens to jar on their peculiar tastes; and such people are very apt to act on the principle of doing for themselves what they want done well, regardless that their exertions may sometimes prove a terrible waste of power. For instance, the man of business may have a special 'fad' about the garden of his suburban residence. It may be quite true that certain shrubs would be planted more to his liking if he stayed half a day

at home, to delve with his own hands, if need be, or at anyrate to measure distances and superintend operations, than if he trusted to the skill of his jobbing gardener. But that is hardly a reason why he should neglect business, and perhaps leave a highly important communication to be responded to by a subordinate, while the letter, or the interview, the 'Yea' or the 'Nay' to be spoken or written, was precisely one of the things that required his personal attention.

Energetic characters are in their youth—and sometimes even through life—very apt to undertake more duties than they can properly and thoroughly perform. In the attempt to do everything well and by themselves, health too often breaks down, and warns them of the limitation of their powers. The wise are they who do not wait for any serious suffering, before taking those hints which Nature always kindly gives; and these people pull up in time, recognise the irresistible logic of facts, and establish a new system. In such circumstances, the first thing to be done is to determine what occupations can with the least inconvenience be delegated to others, and what are those which—it being imperative that they should be thoroughly well done in a certain special manner—must be done by one's self. Sometimes, seemingly trifling actions come under the latter category. A letter may be so important, that it is wise to post it with one's own hand at some particular office. And we can fancy a tender husband or father, however great or busy a man he might be, who would determine himself to administer the prescribed remedies to wife or child in the peril of great sickness, rather than trust the duty to any less interested attendant. The probability is that the very man who would act thus would not waste his powers in doing the hundred little things which no doubt he *could* do exceedingly well, but which could be done sufficiently well by subordinates.

It were about as wise to search for the philosopher's stone, as to expect to find that 'other self' we all are apt to crave for at times. If, as botanists say, no two leaves are precisely alike,

we may be very sure no two human beings are without their striking differences. The 'other self' who would do just as we would do under all possible circumstances, is not to be found; and as we have to confess the limitation of our powers, the only thing a very busy and wise man can do is to decide betimes what he must do himself, and what can be done for him by others. Thus we come to what in a civilised community must prevail—the division of labour.

All great commanders and leaders of men have been distinguished for the keen insight by which they knew how to select subordinates. 'I always sleep soundly when Stapleton Cotton is on guard,' the great Duke already quoted is reported to have said; and the little anecdote throws light upon both characters. Nevertheless, when the vigilant officer thus commended gave place to some one a little less efficient, we may be sure the Duke made the best of circumstances, and did not chafe, and purposely keep himself awake with distrust.

It is certainly a very good thing for any sort of chief to be able to execute the details of all he desires to be performed by others. Such power gives great weight to his authority, but is no reason that he should consume his energies in petty ways when they are required for more important matters; though the temptation is often great to take up a matter that drags, and get it out of hand one's self. In these days, when it is so common a thing for gently nurtured and highly educated women to become, partially at anyrate, the breadwinners of a family, it behoves them to study systematically that same principle of the division of labour. Women of the middle class have, in the ordinary course of their lives, so many more petty distractions than men, that when, without neglecting their domestic duties, they achieve anything like distinction in art or literature or any special industry, it may be conceded to them that they have orderly, well-balanced minds, and that it is by method and foresight that they get through their labours. A very clever woman could probably do a multitude of things she leaves to be accomplished by others, better than they are done for her; but she must often put up with the second-best doing, if she have paramount duties which claim her time—duties that cannot be delegated to any other, to be executed even in a second-best manner.

After all, when we say, 'If you want a thing well done, do it yourself,' do we not rather mean, 'If you want it done *your own way*, do it yourself?' Probably, it happens to all of us to be agreeably surprised by finding something we had fears about, executed admirably; so admirably, that we feel at once our own powers are excelled. Of course, if we are busy people, whose time is precious, we remember never to waste our powers on that particular occupation again, if we can help it. But the subject has endless bearings; and we can do little more than draw attention to it. It is true that

Trifles make the sum of human things,

though perhaps with some qualification. What is a trifle? That is the momentous question, not always very readily answered. Truly, the active and energetic would find the day too short for all they wish to do, were it half as long again; but as our

planet persists in revolving in twenty-four hours, and the years seem to pass by the more swiftly the longer we live, they who most wisely systematise and apportion their labours, are likely in the long-run to get the most good work done.

THE FORTUNES OF BERTRAM OAKLEY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE ARCHERY MEETING.

'GOLD, gold!—No; Red!—Excuse me; it was Gold, really.—Red, I assure you, but only by a hair's-breadth. The umpire has just decided, and his verdict is, Red. Though it's a pity for our score, and Mrs Denshire shooting so beautifully too, to-day!'

The spot on the target in which the lady's arrow had imbedded itself might have been the chameleon of the poets, so many opinions were expressed by interested onlookers as to its precise colour. However, the sentence of an umpire can no more be disputed than can an Act of Parliament that has received the royal assent; and therefore the hit in question, which had at first been cheered as a 'Gold,' was officially written down in the inferior category of 'Red.' And it did seem to be a pity, in the sense that the famous Club in whose grounds the contest was waged found itself overmatched in the struggle, and depended very much on Mrs Denshire's bow. Archeresses, like cricketers and oarsmen, vary very much in their performances; and some of the fair champions of the Society, whose shooting on ordinary days seemed as unerring as Diana's own, had turned out provoking failures, just when a keen eye and a strong wrist were needed to sustain the honour of the Club. Mrs Denshire, at anyrate, kept cool, and scored steadily; while brilliant sister-members disappointed their friends by irritating nervousness and unaccountable misses. But the day, in spite of the copper-coloured masses of cloud that rolled lazily down before a hot breeze, was a fine one, and the spectators pleased and happy.

Bertram never exactly knew, afterwards, how it came about that he found himself at Miss Carrington's side, and at some distance from the tent beneath which the rest of the Weston party were seated. They were not alone, except as people occasionally feel themselves alone in a crowd, when that crowd is composed of strangers; and in this case, among the groups of well-dressed persons who were near them, no well-known face was to be seen. 'A pretty sight, is it not?' said Julia Carrington, in a quick, sharp tone, that contrasted with the commonplace remark. Bertram glanced at her with some surprise. She was looking down, and with the point of her lace-bordered parasol seemed to be stabbing at a daisy that nestled in the soft smooth turf of the velvet lawn.

'It is a pretty sight; and to me, in particular, something quite new,' answered Bertram, looking round at the company, the targets, the glancing arrows as they winged their way towards the mark, the white tents, and the flags drooping, like tangles of seaweed, from their poles. The music of the band rang cheerily out, and there was much good-natured applause and clapping of

gloved hands at every fresh success. 'I am afraid, though, that you are tired,' Bertram added, seeing that his beautiful companion did not look up. 'If we were to go back to the tent'—

'Never mind the tent! No; I am not tired,' said the girl, still with her eyes fixed on the grass. 'Mr Oakley, I have something to say to you, if I dare to say it.'

'If you dare, Miss Carrington?' exclaimed Bertram, doubting if he had heard aright.

'Yes, dare,' she repeated, in a voice that trembled, in spite of her efforts to be calm, and which was all the sweeter for its very tremulousness. 'You wonder to hear me speak of being afraid—I who am so proud—but what I fear is—can you guess it?—that by what I am about to say I should forfeit your good opinion, Mr Oakley.'

'I am sure, Miss Carrington, that that, at least, is impossible,' answered Bertram, with chivalrous heat. There had been many conversations, during the past weeks, between himself and the fair Julia, and he had been pleased—he would have been more than mortal, otherwise—and possibly flattered by the apparently unselfish interest which she took in his plans and occupations, his preferences and his wishes. She read the books he praised. She gave thought to the subjects he cared for. For his sake, she had bridled her domineering temper, and was milder and more tolerant than her guardian's family had ever known her.

'I think you have bewitched Julia,' one of the Weston girls had said, laughing, to Bertram, one day when the heiress was out of the room. 'She quotes what you say, and is getting to be quite tame and domestic.'

Then Julia looked up, her glorious beauty flashing upon him as when, in stormy weather, the sun smiles on us from behind the wrack of hurrying clouds. Her blushes, her agitation, became her well, and the very tears that glimmered in her dark eyes gave softness to their lustre. 'And yet I am afraid that it is true,' she murmured.

Bertram felt himself excessively embarrassed, and yet a sort of delicious languor stole over him as he looked. How very beautiful the girl—the enigma—was! It was a pleasant, puzzling moment. He said nothing. He was all eyes. A spell, as of some mighty magician's weaving, seemed to lie upon those two, on Bertram and Julia. He would not have cared, for his part, how long, by art magic, the spell should be prolonged, and he and she look into one another's eyes. His eyes expressed nothing, save wonder and an honest, if irrepressible admiration. In Julia's there was a strange, tender light, that glowed and trembled. He was sorry when the girl spoke, and broke the spell.

'Bertram'—she had never called him by that name before, but it dropped with a dainty shyness from her red lips—'Bertram, do you care for me, a little?'

Now, if Bertram Oakley had but been a prudent young man, like that young Mr Inkle of whom a short but touching history is preserved in the *Spectator* of the late Right Hon. Joseph Addison and the late Sir Richard Steele, he would have given their proper weight to Julia's thousands, and replied with sentimental appropriateness.

As it was, he merely stammered out, awkwardly enough, that he was proud of her friendship.

'It is more than friendship,' said Miss Carrington.

Bertram could almost hear the beating of her heart. His own beat fiercely fast. How could he misunderstand her, or affect to misunderstand her, now? Her beauty dazzled him, as she fixed her eyes on his, as the rattlesnake gazes, fixedly, on the bird that flutters, shrieking, down, down, in narrowing circles, towards the destroyer. She knew her power. She had a fierce desire to conquer and to win. And perhaps she might have won, had it not been that between him and her there floated, by an unconscious effort of the imagination, the sweet little angel face of Rose Denham, the golden hair that encircled that face as with a saintly aureole; and Julia's haughty beauty lost its most potent charm by the contrast.

'Is this generous? You know what I mean,' murmured Julia; and she put her daintily gloved hand on the young man's arm, and leaned on it lightly. She looked upon his face. 'You know what I mean?' she said again.

'I am afraid I do,' he said with a sigh.

Quick as thought, she struck in, anticipating his speech. 'Don't say it, don't say it!' she exclaimed, in a tone that throbbed and thrilled through the listener, as he heard it, it was so terribly sincere. 'I have flung conventionality behind me, and cannot brook it now, Bertram, from the lips of the man I have singled out of all the world. It is unmanly, wrong, mad, for me to speak as I do! Custom seals our lips, and compels us to be passive, and to be mute, and decorous, and to wait; and if we revolt against this tyranny of tradition, you think the worse of us, for all our guerdon. Oh,' she continued, with a choking sob, 'it is hard, hard, to be a woman!'

Bertram felt exquisitely uncomfortable. He tried to console her; but it was a case in which only one sort of consolation could avail, and that he could not give. She grew impatient.

'A truce to platitudes,' said Miss Carrington, with somewhat of the hard imperious ring that was familiar to her voice. 'Let us talk of yourself, Bertram, rather than of me. You are young, and poor, and a genius—ambitious, as all clever men are. Now, I am rich. In a few months I shall be twenty-one, my own mistress, free to wed as I like. You know that gold is a power yet, in the world. Money can smoothe the road to the success you aim at, can sweep away obstacles, bridge the way, save years of toil and pain. You would like to be in Parliament, with what noble projects and wishes I know well. Make me your wife if you will; and in two years' time at most—in less—you shall write M.P. after your name, if money and wit and work can lift a man above the heads of his fellows. And—and—you would have a true wife—a loyal slave—in me—glorying in your triumph, comforting in the hour of ill—I—I—'

Sobs choked her voice. She had spoken, for once, from her heart. She was, for the moment, quite sincere in her self-sacrifice and her self-abasement. Her humility, the bowing down of that proud head, touched the frank-hearted young man who heard her, and it was in a broken voice that Bertram Oakley made answer: 'Hush! dear,

generous Miss Carrington—your great, undeserved kindness for me—I never can forget it. I wish I had had a sister like you’—

She started, as though he had struck her. There was reproach in her dark eyes, lustrous through their tears, as they met his. The little hand on his arm quivered.

‘If I have, ignorantly, led you to mistake the nature of my feelings, Miss Carrington’—he began.

But she interrupted him petulantly. ‘Feelings—you have none!’ she said bitterly—‘no heart, no blood in your cold veins! You are a stock, a stone, a statue! I have humbled myself at your feet, as if I had knelt to you—and you—you spurn me!’

‘I—Julia—I!’ said Bertram, astonished.

‘You—you—you!’ returned the heiress, looking down, and stabbing at the daisy. She had snatched her hand from his arm by this time, and was nervously fretting the costly lace that edged her parasol into tatters. Then she again looked up. ‘Do you say, No?’ she asked.

‘If it is—do I love you, in that way, then’—Bertram began.

Again she cut short the sentence. ‘Enough! When you reckon up your friends, sir, and compute your enemies, count me among the latter.’ And there was a menacing glitter in her angry eyes as she spoke.

‘You have taught me a lesson; I shall not forget it,’ she said savagely.—‘Yes; I am tired. Take me to the tent. Take me back to Mrs Weston. I will trouble you no more.’ Nor would she listen to a word that he said. There was nothing for it but to obey.

But when Bertram had escorted his fair charge back to the tent and to the chair which Mrs Weston had kept vacant for her husband’s whimsical ward, and had said a word or two, and rambled away again, his brain seemed to be on fire. Had he acted ill? Had he misled this proud, vindictive girl into believing that she had found in him an admirer who, because of the disparity of fortune and station, had not ventured to avow his sentiments; and was it his fault that Julia had transgressed the unwritten code of Society, and earned mortification—doubly bitter to one of so haughty a spirit—as her reward? And yet his conscience assured him that he had in no way trifled with the affections of Mr Weston’s ward. Always, in their intercourse, he had been himself, the soul of manly simplicity, no coxcomb, no dangler, one who, if he pleased, did so unconsciously. It was a relief to him when, strolling round, he came upon Mr Denshire, who, with Rose and the children, was looking on at the contest of the day, which Bertram had almost forgotten.

‘The South will have a sad beating, I fear,’ said the mild ex-barrister. ‘I am no great judge of archery matches; but I do care a little about this one, for my wife’s sake. Harriet has done wonders; but she cannot be expected to win the game off her own bat—her own bow, I mean. And the weather looks uncertain.’

‘We shall have a storm, I am afraid,’ said Rose; and Bertram’s eyes followed hers, and saw, what he had not previously noticed, that the rounded copper-tinted clouds which had floated down before the hot breeze, were thick packed, now, like hostile armies drawn up in battle-array, and

that the copper colour itself was changing fast to black, as though the sky’s face wore a frown. The sultry wind itself died away, or blew in short-lived puffs that stirred the drooping flags, or fluttered the sailcloth of the white tents, and then was still again. The match went on, and the music of the band pealed forth on the summer air.

Bertram found it a pleasant diversion from his own thoughts, not just then over-agreeable, to listen to the innocent prattle of the children. Tiny Hughie and fairy Alice were honestly eager that ‘Mamma’—who in their eyes represented all the toxophilite skill and prowess of the South—should gain a victory over the rival archeresses of the North; and Rose, too, had learned to be a partisan of the local faction, and trembled as the odds against her friends’ success increased. How good and pure and sweet the golden-haired girl looked as she stood there, with the children clinging to her; and what a contrast to Julia in the bloom of her dark, imperious beauty! It was like a fair white lily, or some coy violet, peeping forth from its leafy nest in spring-time, that delicate loveliness of the one, as compared with the proud splendour of the other.

As Bertram stood and talked with Rose, there was a low rumbling of distant thunder, and a general move among the more wary of the spectators ensued. Among these were the Westons, who presently passed, and, as they passed, lingered for a minute to shake hands with Mr Denshire and Rose and the children, all except Julia Carrington, who had resumed her coldest and haughtiest air, and with a disdainful toss of her head, and a sudden compression of the lips, swept past Bertram and Rose Denham as though she had been unaware of their presence.

‘Julia is quite right. She is afraid her new Paris bonnet will be spoiled; and so it will, unless we are quick,’ said good-natured Mrs Weston, as a lurid flash, followed by a threatening thunder-rol, gave token of the coming storm; and soon the first of the flat broad drops came pattering down. ‘Where is Mrs Denshire?’ she added. ‘I hope you will all take shelter in our house, it is so near.’

Then the storm came on, as such summer storms do, and there was hurrying, and haste to get away ere dresses should be drenched and hats ruined; and horses stamped, and whips cracked, and carriages were brought up to the gates; and the irregular column of spectators poured out of the grounds in laughing or complaining groups, and the match was perforce left unfinished, under pressure of the elements. But Bertram could not be persuaded to accompany the party bound for Mrs Weston’s house. He felt that Julia Carrington and himself were best apart.

(To be continued.)

DREAMLAND AND SOMNAMBULISM.

ON the subject of somnambulism, we have on various occasions offered remarks calculated to interest those who seek to understand the strikingly abnormal phases of mind that occasionally affect persons while partially asleep. The revelations of ‘dreamland’ are both numerous and prolific; but few of them can be said to convey intellectual and moral suggestions of the normal

action of mind and life; though some of them may lay hold of the mind with a mental grip that cannot be easily relaxed.

The writer of this article has a brother-in-law who has felt some of his dreams to be of a remarkable and significant character; and his experience shows that there is a strange and inexplicable connection between such dreams and the state of somnambulism. Before giving in detail, therefore, some instances of somnambulism as exhibited by him and also by his daughter, I will give an account of one of his dreams, which has been four times repeated in its striking and salient points, at uncertain periods, during the past thirty years. He was in his active years a practical agriculturist, but now lives retired. All his life he has been spare of flesh, active, cheerful, and very companionable, and not in any sense what is called a bookworm. His dream was as follows. He found himself alone, standing in front of a monument of very solid masonry, looking vacantly at the north side of it, when, to his astonishment, the middle stones on the level of his sight gradually opened and slid down one upon another, until an opening was made large enough to hold a man. All of a sudden, a little man, dressed in black, with a large bald head, appeared inside the opening, seemingly fixed there by reason of his feet and legs being buried in the masonry. The expression of his face was mild and intelligent. They looked at each other for what seemed a long time without either of them attempting to speak, and all the while my brother's astonishment increased. At length, as the dreamer expressed himself, 'The little man in black with the bald head and serene countenance said: "Don't you know me? I am the man whom you murdered in an ante-natal state of existence; and I am waiting until you come, and shall wait without sleeping. There is no evidence of the foul deed in your state of human existence, so you need not trouble in your mortal life—shut me again in darkness."'

The dreamer began, as he thought, to put the stones in their original position, remarking—as he expressed himself—to the little man: 'This is all a dream of yours, for there is no ante-natal state of existence.' The little man, who seemed to grow less and less, said: 'Cover me over, and begone.' At this the dreamer awoke.

Years passed away, and the dream was forgotten in the common acceptance of the term, when behold! without any previous thought of the matter, he dreamed that he was standing in the sunshine, facing an ancient garden-wall that belonged to a large unoccupied mansion, when the stones in front of him began to fall out with a gently sliding motion, and soon revealed the self-same mysterious person, and everything pertaining to him, including his verbal utterances as on the first occasion, though an uncertain number of years had passed. The same identical dream has since occurred twice at irregular periods; but there was no change in the facial appearance of the little man in black.

My brother-in-law was about twenty-three years of age when he first dreamed the above dream, and

was a single man living with his father, a farmer. The house was of a large straggling construction, some two hundred and fifty years old; and by the side of it was what was called the 'old house,' comprising a kitchen, dairy, coal and wood house, and several lumber-rooms above. He had a decided taste for drawing, and had several sketches in blacklead of horses, pigs, cows, and sheep, which he thought worthy of being put into frames. It so happened that in his bedroom there were hanging on the whitewashed walls six old engravings of Scripture subjects, designed some one hundred and fifty years before, which were almost totally obliterated by dust, mildew, and the operations of spiders and moths. They were all about twelve inches by fifteen in size, in old oak frames painted black; and oak back-boards were firmly nailed into each, to keep the engraving *in situ*. After mature thought, he decided to take the worthless engravings out of the frames, and put six of his drawings in their places. The engravings had been at some remote time thought worthy to be protected with glass.

One summer afternoon he took the engravings from the walls, and in the window-seat of his bedroom he began the operation of taking them out of the frames. He attempted with a claw-hammer to draw the old rusty nails out of the back; but with all his skill, he was unable to extract a single nail, so tightly were they fixed in the well-seasoned oak frames. He bethought himself of a pair of pincers which he knew he had; but he was unable to find them, though he searched till dark; so he gave up the project for that day, and again hung all the pictures in their original places. In the usual order of daily events, he took his supper, went to bed, and fell soundly asleep as usual.

The next morning, the early-rising sun darted his rays into the room, and he awoke. He felt that he had dreamed about the pictures, the frames and nails, as also of his failure to extract the latter; and glancing at the walls of the room, he found that they were all removed; and he was perfectly sure he had hung them up the previous evening. He was equally sure that nobody had been in his bedroom. In his surprise he got up, and to his astonishment found the six engravings and the glass of each, but without the frames, all standing against each other on the chair by his bedside, and not one of the glasses cracked! The six frames he also found placed in a similar manner in the window-seat, the rusty nails lying beside them. The whole thing was a mystery. After making inquiries, however, into the matter, he came to the conclusion that he himself had done the whole of the work while in a state of somnambulism. Nor was this all. The pincers, which the day before he had searched for in vain, and which he had dreamed were in a certain place in the lumber-room over the kitchen, which stood about five yards from the dwelling-house, were lying with the nails! But as the door of the kitchen and dairy was regularly locked every night, and the key hung up in the sitting-room, the somnambulist must have gone down a winding staircase, through two doorways, unlocked and unbolted the outer door, taken the key of the old house from the place where it was kept, then crossed the open yard, gone up a rickety staircase into the lumber-room, and found the pincers with

the help of which he accomplished the work. The only thing that betrayed any lapse of thought was that the old house-door was left wide open, to the surprise of the dairymaid whose duty it was to see it securely fastened. The persons sleeping in the house were his father and mother, two sisters, two maid-servants, and the carter; yet not one of them was conscious that any person had been moving during the night.

Somnambulism of this extreme character has since left him; yet something of the quality still shows itself occasionally in his getting out of bed, doing some trifling thing to his clothes, or dressing himself in an eccentric manner, and then getting into bed, to find the result in the morning. His only daughter, my niece, inherited this mental peculiarity of his, but with a difference. When she was about ten years of age, she was sent to a ladies' boarding-school, where it was noticed that while she was in the habit of neglecting her lessons at the usual time of preparation, she was always perfect in her tasks in the morning. This was ultimately explained by an accidental discovery that she used to walk in her sleep, going in her night-dress into the school-room, and sitting down to her books, and coming over her lessons for a greater or shorter time, according to the difficulty of the task. She would then go quietly back to bed without waking. The accuracy with which she said her lessons, when her governess knew from observation that she had not devoted any time to them, ultimately led to the suspicion that she walked in her sleep, and acquired them in a state of somnambulism. This was demonstrated to the satisfaction of the whole school, including the governess and mistress. It happened thus.

There was a music-master engaged, who had a pupil older than my niece by four years, but very far inferior in taste for music. The master had tried hard to make his pupil perfect in a certain new piece of music, but without success. At an evening's practice, my niece was in the room, and had paid particular attention to the master's instructions, though she had not attempted to play the air herself. After the lesson, the overture was put aside with the other pieces of music, and in ordinary course the young ladies retired to bed, and the governess and mistress followed. The whole house was under the balmy influence of gentle sleep, when one after another the inmates awoke under the thrilling tones of the piano, giving forth the air which the music-master had been vainly trying to impart to his inert pupil the previous afternoon. It turned out to be my niece, who was playing the air perfectly, with an execution said to be brilliant. She had a natural ear and faculty for music, so that there was nothing extraordinary in the mere playing. She was, in fact, a musical genius; and before she was twenty, had regularly played the organ at church, and did so with great ability. Still, on this occasion it is somewhat singular that though she had listened for only a short time to the air in question, she had found no difficulty, whilst under somnambulism, in giving a correct rendering to the piece. She would sometimes sit up in bed and hold an animated conversation with an ideal image of her mind, not always, but most frequently with her companions.

Closely allied to the phenomenon of somnam-

bulism is that of 'dual existence,' or, as it is sometimes called, 'double brains;' and on this subject the following reminiscences, communicated to us by a London physician, are of interest.

I am not clever enough to enter into any discussion respecting 'dual existence,' nor to give any explanation of the same; but if the expression mean to signify that persons sometimes in their sleep lead a different life from that which belongs to them when they are awake, I have no hesitation in saying that I firmly believe it. This peculiar mental condition, I take it, is wholly apart from ordinary sleep-walking, inasmuch as the actions of a somnambulist are to some extent allied to events which have occurred during wakeful hours. The late Alderman Kelly, who was Lord Mayor of London about the year 1836, was remarkable as a somnambulist in his younger days. He was a relative of mine; and I have heard many well-authenticated accounts of his doings whilst asleep. He was the shop-assistant of a large publisher in Paternoster Row—in which establishment he was later on the proprietor; where he made his money, and where he published the numerous works which bear his name. These publications include the several editions of the Bible, of which it is estimated that he sold nearly a hundred thousand copies of the large folio Brown's *Self-interpreting Family Bible*.

One instance of his somnambulism was this. A large order for various books (in numbers) had come in late one afternoon; and to insure delivery in time, it was necessary that early attention next morning should be given. As in the present day, so it was half a century ago with large books such as Brown's *Bible*, which were issued to the public in weekly instalments termed 'numbers,' and monthly instalments termed 'parts'—each with a wrapper, and its number in the series printed thereon. In those days the dwelling-houses of business-men were usually connected with their shops or warehouses; and when the business of the day was done, the merchant retired up-stairs to his family. On the occasion under notice, Kelly, who was an extremely anxious young man, always nervously fearful of not being able to accomplish his duty, retired to rest with the intention of rising very early next morning, so as to get the order selected and despatched. What was his surprise, on entering the shop, to find his task completed—the books all correctly collected in 'numbers,' and packed up ready for delivery! He had risen in the night, and without being at all conscious of his actions, had done his work as deftly and neatly as though he had been awake!

Now, to estimate the difficulty of this, I must explain that in the old shop in Paternoster Row, all the publications were in weekly numbers or monthly parts, and were arranged in shelves reaching from the ground nearly to the ceiling, not only around the walls, but in racks all over the place. The numbers, it will be understood, were not placed in sets—each set in a compartment of its own, but in continuous rows; so that in row A there might perhaps be Brown's *Bible*, numbers one to twenty; and whilst there were ten copies of number one, there might perhaps be thirty of number two, and perhaps only four of number three; and

so on: showing that there must be some intelligence at work—not mere mechanical habit—to enable the operator to select the numbers required. These sleep-walking acts of business were, I am told, always correctly performed; and on no occasion was a number known to be wrongly selected. This, then, is an illustration of ordinary sleep-walking or somnambulism; and, as I said before, is a continuance or completion of acts or events which have taken place whilst the sleeper was awake. But what I understand by the term 'dual existence' is a totally different affair. It is a series of actions which, taking place during sleep, are discontinued during waking hours, to be resumed when sleep again occurs. I have given an example of the former; I will now give one of the latter.

Called upon one night, in the pursuance of my professional duties, to visit a young lady in whose family a series of sad misfortunes had recently taken place, I found my patient in what is known as a cataleptic condition; or rather it would perhaps be better to describe it as one form of catalepsy, since, in some rare attacks of this curious affliction, the patient is suddenly seized, whatever he or she may be doing at the moment, and transfixed like a statue, firm and rigid, until the symptoms abate. In this case, however, I found Miss S— in bed, to all appearance lifeless. Pulsation could be detected with the greatest difficulty; and it was only by placing a small mirror over her mouth that breathing was apparent. The most singular feature of the attack was this, that in whatever position you placed a joint or limb—however inconvenient or impossible to sustain during consciousness—it remained there until you replaced it; just for all the world like the limbs of an artist's lay-figure. I remained by her bedside until the morning, when the pulse began to be a little stronger and the breathing a little deeper. She then gave one or two profound sighs, and appeared to awake as if from an ordinary sleep, being quite unconscious of having been ill. This was the commencement of a series of phenomena which then took place. On the following night, she retired to rest as usual, and went to sleep; but after an hour or so, her sister—who slept in the same bed—saw her get up and dress. When asked what was the matter, Miss S— made no answer, but continued in the most mechanical manner to dress, as though she were getting up in the morning in the usual way. Her eyes were wide open, although she did not appear to use them. Thoroughly alarmed, her sister rose also, and sent for me.

When I arrived, Miss S— had completed dressing, and had descended to the drawing-room, where she proceeded to rearrange the furniture: placing a chair, for example, in the corner opposite to its accustomed place; putting some of the chimney ornaments on the cabinet, and after removing each, standing with a reflective air, as if considering whether the new position were advisable. All this was done by the aid of a small lamp—though light was evidently not necessary to her proceedings, since she moved with the most perfect ease amongst the many articles of fragile ware which usually adorn a drawing-room. I requested that she might not be disturbed, but stood by and watched her for more than two hours.

Amongst other articles of furniture in the room was a table, upon which stood Miss S—'s writing-desk. It stood in a corner away from the window. Taking the table and desk, Miss S— lifted it carefully, and placed it at the window, as if she wished to have all the light she could get. She then sat down in a chair, produced a bunch of keys from her pocket, selected the right one, opened the desk, and having apparently looked for and found certain letters, appeared to read them. After a while, the letters were replaced, the desk locked; and as if tired with her work, she sat down in an armchair and apparently slept. Finding that she made no answer when spoken to, I carefully lifted her, and carried her up to bed.

Next morning, she awoke as usual; and beyond expressing surprise that 'she had fallen asleep without undressing,' knew nothing of the events of the preceding night. Of course, we kept our own counsel, and did not tell her. On entering the drawing-room next day, she observed that her desk and table had been removed, and expressed some considerable annoyance that any one should interfere with them, being evidently utterly unconscious that she had removed them herself.

On the following night, Miss S— rose from her sleep, as before, and went straight to the drawing-room. The furniture, at my request, had been left as she had arranged it, with the exception of the table and desk, which had been relegated to their proper corner. On entering the drawing-room, taking her keys out of her pocket as she went, she proceeded straight to the window where she had placed her desk on the preceding night; and not finding it there, seemed vexed, and stamped her foot. She soon, however, removed it from its place to the window; and sitting down, read, or appeared to read, her letters, until she sank to sleep as before, and was carried to bed.

This went on for some time. I carefully watched her; and my observations convinced me that her sleeping world was a distinct and separate world from her waking one. Under careful treatment and attention to her bodily health, these phenomena after a while ceased, and she was, to all appearance, in good health. Whilst fairly well, Miss S— had a paper sent her which was of considerable value. She placed it in her desk. Her sister saw her place it there. Shortly afterwards, having occasion to refer to this document, Miss S— went to her desk to look for it. It was not there! Every place in the house was fruitlessly searched. There were no signs of the missing paper. Happening to hear of the circumstance, and being aware that some events had occurred likely to worry such a sensitive mind as that of Miss S—, I advised that she should be watched at night. This was done. One night, after sleep, as formerly, Miss S— rose, dressed herself, entered the drawing-room, and without hesitation went to a large vase which was nearly filled with dried rose-leaves. Plunging her hand into this vase, she at once drew forth the lost paper! She then opened the paper, appeared to read it attentively, and then deliberately folding it up, replaced it amongst the rose-leaves. Here, the next morning, her sister, when they were together in the room, pretended to find it by accident, to

the great delight of Miss S——, and to her intense surprise, how any one could have taken it from her desk and so hidden it, and why they did so.

Who shall explain these phenomena?

A TALE OF THE YORKSHIRE WOLDS.

FIFTY years ago, the laws were not so thoroughly enforced as they are now upon the wild ranges of England called the Yorkshire Wolds. Few of the busy dwellers in populous London have any idea of their grandeur in a winter snowstorm, or of their beauty when an August sun pours down its rays upon stretches of waving corn, that lie like sheets of gold along the ridges, fringed above with dark plantations. During the Great Exhibition of 1851, a few friends and I took a real holiday, for once in our lives, and went for a week to see the wonderful things in London which the papers were so full of. We saw all that could be seen in the time, and we did not lose a moment, I assure you. But after all, I saw nothing like our grand old hills. It was the first time that most of us had been so far away from home.

My tale?—O yes, that was what I started to tell you; but that was twenty-five years before our London visit, when I was a young man, farming a hundred and sixty acres of land. I had occupied the farm about two years, renting at the same time a house in the nearest village, two miles away, for my wife and two children. The farm-buildings consisted of a large barn, which went by the name of the Red Barn, it being built of red bricks; an old six-horse stable, thatched with whins; a fold-yard, paved around; and two or three wood-sheds. A good-sized house and better out-buildings were being built; but none of them was far enough advanced to be habitable for man or beast. A plantation of ash and spruce trees sheltered the farmstead from wind and storm, as it was situated high up on the hillside.

Returning home rather later than usual one Saturday night from our market-town, a distance of twelve miles, I was told by the man who came out to take my horse, that an accident had happened up at the farm that afternoon.

'What is the matter, David?' I asked.

'Roger has run a fork into his foot,' was the answer.

Roger was one of the horses. It appeared, on further questioning, that one of the large steel forks, used for stacking in harvest-time, had been carelessly laid upon the stable-floor, and Roger, a farm-horse, had run its prongs into his foot. The man thought that it was a serious wound.

'What have you done to it?' was my next question.

'Sent off for Coats.' Coats was the veterinary surgeon for the district.

'Has he come?'

'No, sir; he had gone to Melby.'

Melby, I knew, was eighteen miles away across country from Coats's home; and after that journey, he would not feel inclined, at eleven o'clock on a cold winter night, to start again for other sixteen miles.

Turning my horse's head, I told David to go to bed, and I would ride up to the Red Barn.

'Shall I sit up for your horse?' he asked, yawning, tired from a long day's exposure to cold and storm.

'No; no one need wait for me;' and I started off.

Fifteen minutes brought me to the stable-door; but I paused to let my heated mare drink from the pond close by, and as I stood I caught a murmur of human voices within the stable. Surprised, as not a man lived at the stead, I tried the door. It was fastened from the inside. I knocked, still holding my horse by her bridle, the thought coming across my mind, that Coats must have come straight here, without waiting for any one to assist him. There was no answer to my first summons; so I knocked and called again more loudly.

'What d'ye want?' demanded a gruff voice from the inside.

'Want? I want in, to be sure. What are you doing there, I should like to know? Open the door at once!'

'Likely!' was grunted back again, 'when we are just warm and settled after a nasty, cold tramp.'

Now I knew who my uninvited guests were. It is not every one who knows, or knew, of the existence of a class of mendicants, familiarly termed amongst us 'Wold Rangers,' a pest to the farmers, and a great dread to the inhabitants of outlying farms. They were constant pilferers; and rarely would work, though often applying for it. None of them was above poaching; and most of them had been in prison some time or another. A few professed to be hawkers of some sort; but the majority begged from door to door. We had no policeman nearer than ten miles, and his face was almost as strange as the Shah's in our district. These lawless wanderers rarely travelled alone, but were generally accompanied by a numerous following of women and children, a horse and cart or two, often a donkey, and two or three dogs.

My visitors were in no particular hurry to comply with my reiterated demand for admittance, and their loud snores were most irritating to hear from the outside. Again I vigorously pommelled the door with an ash sapling that I carried in my hand, and loudly stormed at their obstinacy. It was no use, as a growl was all the reply I got. As determined to be inside as they were to keep me out, I went back a few paces, then dashed open the door with my foot.

The moonlight just shone in with sufficient light to enable me to see what a strange lot of bedfellows were grouped together among the straw; and the loose horse-box was at the end of the stable, right through the thick of them. I ordered them one and all to 'turn out.' An Irishman who went by the nickname of 'Dead Ned,' lifted his fierce, shaggy face, and dared me, in strong language, to attempt to disturb them.

'But my horse,' I reasoned—'I must see to him.'

But reason was drowned in the opposition of a dozen hoarse voices.

I was young then, and reckless of danger; more so than I am now on the wrong side of sixty. Incensed, I drew back from the open door, slipped the bridle over my thoroughbred's neck, and struck her sharply across the flanks with the ash sapling. It was the work of an instant. She bounded into the stable-door; and no sooner were her hoofs heard on the threshold, than

every creature inside leaped up, the startled men, women, and children rushing out pell-mell.

I lost no time in striking a light after their quick exit, to see after the wounded animal, leaving the one I had ridden to follow her own devices, which she did by going outside again. The foot was in a serious state, and evidently painful.

'Coats will never come to-night,' I thought, 'and something must be done;' and to foment the swollen foot was the only thing that I could think of.

I went outside again, allowing the disturbed women and children to return to their straw; but requesting Dead Ned and some of the others to help me to heat some water. We drove three thick stakes into the bank, close beside the pond, crammed plenty of sticks under the iron pot, and soon had a blazing fire. When the water was hot enough for our purpose, we carried it into the stable, and fomented the wounded foot. The process eased the pain; and after half-an-hour's fomentation, I wrapped it up in cloths saturated with some healing oils which were kept in the stable. One of the men held the flickering candle, stuck on the top of a lantern; whilst other eight or ten more were grouped around, watching the proceedings, and giving occasional assistance. As I was bandaging the foot, I caught a motion or sign, not intended for me to see. It was a signal from Dead Ned—who, I perceived to my horror, held in his hand the heavy iron gavelock that we had used to hammer the stakes into the ground—to another of his fraternity. Like a flash it came over me, how could I have been so reckless, so foolhardy, as to trust myself alone, and unarmed, amongst this ruffianly crew?

I grew hot and cold by turns as I remembered that I carried in my breast-pocket one hundred and sixty pounds. It was a large sum, you think, for a farmer to have about him; but you see it was not my own. That year I held the office of Income-tax Collector; and I had taken the money with me to market to pay to the government Commissioners. I had made a mistake in the hour appointed, and was too late, for they had finished and were gone; consequently, I brought the money back, intending to forward it on Monday. The occurrence had passed out of my mind before reaching home; then David's news completely put everything else out of my head, until I caught that gleam of evil in Dead Ned's eye. It was not so much the physical harm I feared, as the idea that they would not be content with stunning or murdering me, but would rob the senseless body; and what would become of my wife and children, if my goods and chattels were sold to repay the lost government taxes? Why, they would be turned out into the wide world homeless and unprotected. The bare thought made me tremble. I must not let them suspect that I had seen their signals. Oh! the agony of that moment.

Making one venture for home, wife, and children, as well as life, I carelessly dropped the horse's foot, telling them, in a loud voice, to keep the candle still, until I fetched some more string; and walked out of the stable as deliberately as I possibly could. Once out, I looked for the bay mare that had carried me up. She was leisurely nibbling some short grass a few yards from the

door. 'Jess, Jess, good lass!' I cried, softly and very gently approaching her, as I knew that if she bolted, it was good-bye to life for me.

Fortunately, she allowed me to catch her, and not a moment too soon, for my unwelcome visitors had followed me, and a glance at their low, villainous faces, as I dashed off, proved that they were full of rage at thus being baffled. The village church clock struck one as I entered my home in safety.

I paid a second visit next morning at four to the wounded animal, but leaving my pocket-book at home this time, and going neither alone nor unarmed. The birds, however, had flown. If the ashes of the stick-fire, and the bandages on the wounded horse, had not borne me witness, I should have been inclined to fancy that last night's narrow escape was nothing more than a disturbing dream, a bad attack of nightmare; but these evidences were there, and it had been real.

Two years afterwards, I saw, in our weekly paper, that Dead Ned and two of his companions had been transported for manslaughter in a midnight scuffle.

SUCCESSFUL TREATMENT OF CONSUMPTION.

THE painful frequency and fatality of lung disease is one of the saddest elements of our insular existence, and any well-grounded scientific remedial appliance must always be hailed with satisfaction. The disease, known among medical men as *phthisis pulmonalis*, and otherwise as *consumption*, is due to a tubercular or putrid condition of the lungs—a condition which has hitherto been most difficult of cure, resulting in a gradual 'wasting away' of the patient, and but too frequently ending in a lingering death and an early grave.

In considering the subject of the treatment of this disease, medical men acknowledge that the question of atmospheric conditions takes precedence of others; hence the richer class of patients are generally advised to take their flight from the cold and variable regions of the north, to the milder and more equable temperatures of the south. The object aimed at is to check the septic or putrid condition of the lungs; and this, in Britain, is rendered possible by the use of antiseptics in the treatment of the disease. An antiseptic is simply a preservative against decay; peat-moss being perhaps the best known of the various substances possessing this property. The same antiseptic qualities are contained also in the smoke of peat—'peat-reek'; hence, the increase of consumption among the native Highlanders has been attributed by a high authority to the changes which have of late years taken place in the domestic arrangements of their homes, and notably to the substitution of modern fireplaces and coal for the old peat-fire in the centre of the apartment. The smoke of peat, by virtue of the antiseptic substances it contained, had a marked beneficial action on the lungs of those breathing it.

The question therefore arises, in the treatment of consumption by antiseptics, Should the employment of the antiseptic be local or constitutional? This was discussed in the *Lancet* of November 27, 1880, by Dr G. Hunter Mackenzie of Edinburgh;

which article, and a subsequent one in the same journal, form the basis of our present remarks on the subject. Dr Mackenzie has for some time recognised that the employment of the antiseptic in cases of consumption must be local rather than constitutional, and he has in the articles referred to fully explained his system of topical medication. For more than two years he has used what he calls a naso-oral antiseptic respirator—that is, a respirator that covers both the mouth and nose, and contains a volatile antiseptic, such as creasote and carbolic acid, or creasote only, which is drawn into the lungs of the patient with each inspiration. The respirator is not liable to get out of order, and is easily worked. Dr Mackenzie has treated various patients with success. In the first-mentioned article, he briefly refers to two cases; one that of a girl of seven years, and the other a young man of twenty-five—the latter having the right lung much affected—and both of these patients recovered by the use of the respirator.

In Dr Mackenzie's second article to the *Lancet* of May 14 of this year, he gives a more detailed account of a patient in Edinburgh whom he treated in the way indicated. The patient was a young man of eighteen, whom the physician was called to see in October 1879, and whose lungs were then found to give undoubted signs of disease. During that and the following month the treatment embraced the continual administration of cod-liver oil and hypophosphites, quinine and digitalis, &c.; but there was no disputing the fact that the disease, in spite of this and similar treatment, continued to make rapid and alarming headway. Under these circumstances Dr Mackenzie, on November 26, began the system of topical medication by means of the respirator. The general results of this changed treatment were, a slight fall of temperature, a great diminution of the cough, marked improvement in the appetite and general strength, as also in the physical condition of the lungs. To assist in determining the relationship between the particular method of treatment employed and the improvement in the patient's condition, Dr Mackenzie, on the 25th of February 1880, discontinued the creasote and carbolic inhalations; when the patient decidedly relapsed—the cough returned, the temperature was heightened, and the patient expressed himself as not feeling nearly so well as when wearing the respirator. At his own desire he resumed the inhalations, and again most marked improvement followed. By June, he was able to take a walk of four miles without difficulty.

'The further history of the case,' says Dr Mackenzie, 'is of interest. During the late severe winter the patient went about rather freely, and, contrary to my advice, abandoned altogether the creasote inhalations. The result was that about the beginning of the year he had a relapse, with a return of the cough, night-sweats, and other symptoms, but not to the same extent as formerly. He now, of his own accord, resumed the use of the respirator, and precisely the same results as on the two former occasions followed. When I had an opportunity of examining him on March 8th last, there was no cough, expectoration, or night-sweating; the appetite was good, and the patient felt "very well." He had slightly increased in weight. He was not by any means "the picture

of perfect health," but he had a very different appearance from what he presented before commencing the use of the respirator.'

'There can,' he adds, 'be no doubt whatever, that the success in this case was owing to the particular method of treatment employed, namely, causing the patient to respire as continuously as possible an "antiseptic" atmosphere.' The inhalations should be for *lengthened periods*; intermittent spraying or inhaling not producing the same result. 'In order to insure success, the application to the lungs must be made *continuously*.'

In connection with this all-important subject, we have received the following account from a correspondent, of a case successfully treated after the same method. He says: 'An editorial article in a London newspaper, commenting upon a communication from Dr Hunter Mackenzie of Edinburgh, which lately appeared in the *Lancet*, regarding a case of successful treatment of acute phthisis by means of the inhalation of creasote and carbolic acid, has attracted my attention; and as Dr Mackenzie's experiments would seem to be further confirmed by a case in the island of Sanday, in the Orkneys, within the last few months, a few of the particulars may be of interest to the readers of *Chambers's Journal*.

'The patient, a young man of some twenty years, had evidently contracted this fatal disorder, and was apparently making rapid progress in becoming one more victim to the insatiable malady. The usual allopathic remedies had been prescribed by a worthy physician, after careful and repeated examinations by means of the stethoscope; but these did not seem even to afford any appreciable check on the course of the disease. Neither the patient nor his relatives anticipated anything but a fatal termination in a short space of time; and the medical adviser of the family did not seem to entertain any more favourable opinion. The symptoms manifested at this time may be said to have been extreme prostration, the body wasted and shrunk, absence of appetite for food, constant and racking cough, the breathing short, and attended with labour and moaning, and the pulse generally running quite one hundred and twenty degrees a minute.

'A friend, to whom the inhalation of creasote, combined with other compounds, had been prescribed for a tendency to bronchial affection, tendered the use of his prescription, hoping that the use of the "inhaler" might afford some relief to the oppressed breathing of the patient. The inhalation of the compound was alternated with carbolic acid; and from the commencement of this treatment, supplementing, but not at first superseding the doctor's prescriptions, there began a slow and gradual, but very decided, improvement in the health of the individual. The almost sepulchral pallor and discoloration of the features in a few weeks began to give place to more healthy hues; with reviving appetite and digestion there came a corresponding increase in flesh and strength of muscle; the breath gradually improved and the cough ceased; and for several weeks the young man has been able to engage with comparative vigour in the ordinary duties of life. From an eager relish for cod-liver oil up to the time of the employment of the inhaler and these antiseptics, in a short time it became nauseous

and repulsive to the taste of the patient; and the use of both the cod-liver oil and the ordinary prescriptions was discontinued after a brief period of the use of all.

'I cannot assume to say that these remedies have been the material means of restoring my brother, for such he is, to convalescence; but that he was, to human eye, but a step from the grave—that he is now enjoying health and strength, and still continuing to improve—and that these were the remedies and means employed, and to all appearance successfully, are facts which may easily be authentically confirmed. I cannot help remarking that the publication of the results of Dr Mackenzie's experiments is remarkably coincident with the expiry of a reasonable time for the demonstration of the efficacy of the treatment in the case of my brother; and it surely, at least, serves to demand that it receive adequate consideration at the hands of the medical faculty of this country.'

We may mention that the Naso-oral Respirator is made large enough, as already stated, to cover both mouth and nose, and contains a sponge which is saturated from time to time as required with a solution of creasote and carbolic acid in equal parts, or of creasote only. The respirator should be worn by the patient as continuously as possible, and the inhalations should from time to time be deeply drawn, so as to make the volatile antiseptic permeate the lung. We have seen a sample of this apparatus at the shop of Mr J. Gardner, surgeons' instrument maker, 45 South Bridge, Edinburgh, from whom a circular may be had containing printed instructions for its use, with prices, &c. The respirator may also, we believe, be obtained by applying to any respectable dealer in surgical instruments in London, or elsewhere in the country.

THE HOME OF THE HAPSBURGS.

AMONGST the many costly nuptial presents recently received by Rudolph, Crown-Prince of Austria, there was none which in romantic interest could vie with that of the Corporation of Vienna, which took advantage of the occasion to acquire, on His Highness's behalf, the ruined Castle of Hapsburg, near Aarau, in Switzerland, the ancient home of the House of Austria. A few years ago, the royal family of Austria were anxious to purchase the ruin on their own account; but the pride of the Swiss rebelled against the proposal, and the negotiations accordingly fell through. Now, however, the acquisition has been indirectly effected, the Swiss authorities probably thinking that, in view of the auspicious occasion, it would be ungracious to veto the transaction.

The Castle of Hapsburg is situated in the canton of Aargau, in the north of Switzerland, midway between Zürich and Basle, a district which lies quite out of the track of the ordinary tourist. Feudal castles have vanished from the Swiss landscape almost as completely as feudal laws from the Swiss statute books, and feudal traditions from the hearts of the Swiss people. In this respect, however, the district round Hapsburg is an exception to the general rule, for many of the castles on the banks of the Aar have escaped destruction, and some of them are still in the hands of the old noble families of

the country. But though the castles and some scattered descendants of the great nobles who inhabited them, still remain, feudalism is no longer a living power in the land; feudal reverence has perished with feudal law; and in Aargau, to be of noble birth is to be an object of jealousy, and of petty insults and annoyances at the hands of the peasantry and *bourgeois*, and sometimes even of the local authorities of the district.

On alighting from the train at the village station of Wildegg, on the Aarau-Zürich line, one finds one's self in the centre of a narrow valley, girt on each side by thickly wooded heights, between which dash the turbid glacier waters of the Aar. The irregular building to the left, on the far side of the river, is the castle of Wildenstein, round which gather a thousand romantic traditions. Strange to say, this castle is in Scotch hands, having been recently taken and refitted by a distinguished Anglo-Indian member of the Strathallan family. Above the village, to the right, towers the Castle of Wildegg. This castle, which is also of great antiquity, is still in the hands of an old Swiss family, who throw open to the public the grounds and the *Rittersaal* or Knights'-hall of the castle, which has recently been renewed in strict keeping with its mediæval traditions. Hapsburg itself stands some four miles beyond, on the same side of the river; but for the present it is hid behind a shoulder of the Wildegg height.

Such was the scene which presented itself to us on arriving at Wildegg Station one forenoon in October last, bent on a visit to the ruins of Hapsburg. We first climbed the steep slope to Wildegg Castle, where, having an introduction, we were hospitably received; but Hapsburg being our goal, and our time being limited, we did not delay long there. Quitting the terrace garden, we pursued a narrow path over the picturesquely wooded heights. A mound in the wood is pointed out as 'The Soldier's Grave'—one of Napoleon's heroes having been buried there, whilst the French lay in Wildegg. Farther on, there is another grave in a glade known as 'The Lady's Valley.' The story goes that nearly a century ago, a young lady who was coming on a visit to Wildegg saw in a dream, before leaving Paris, the place where she was to be buried. As she was wandering through the woods one day, after her arrival at Wildegg, she came suddenly on the spot now known as 'The Lady's Valley,' and at once recognised it as the place she had seen in her dream. Three weeks later, she was buried there!

As we emerged from the wood, Hapsburg for the first time came into view. The castle stands on the summit of a steep grassy slope above a straggling village. The situation is commanding, but not nearly so picturesque as that of many of the other castles in the neighbourhood. A walk of three-quarters of an hour across the intervening plain, and then a climb of some ten minutes up the height, brought us to our destination. Of course we were disappointed. We expected to find a ruin, whose interest would be commensurate with the historic greatness of the house that bears its name, but were disappointed. A low square tower, and four plain stone walls, broken down in places—such is the Castle of Hapsburg.

The castle is said to have been built early in the eleventh century; and certainly some of the walls look old enough to be reasonably ascribed to that date; but we were neither of us so skilled in archaeology as to venture to pronounce with confidence upon the subject.

And this, then, is Hapsburg! True; but we have spent the best part of a day in coming to see it; and is there, after all, nothing to be seen? Asking the *concierge*, who inhabits part of the castle, what he had to show us, he—with an eye to a couple of probably thirsty customers—replied, that we might have either wine or lemonade, but that, unfortunately, he was at present out of both beer and of *Schnapps*. We told him we should think of such things by-and-by, but that, first of all, we wanted to see all the objects of interest about the castle. The good man seemed at first somewhat puzzled by our request; but suddenly, there was a gleam of intelligence in his face, and he hurried away. A minute afterwards, he returned with his Visitors' Book! and opening it at a well-thumbed page, he pointed to the signature of Rudolph, Crown-Prince of Austria, who, it appears, visited the castle in 1878. Other information, the old man had none to give us; and indeed, he seemed so ignorant of the traditions of the place as to regard the autograph of Prince Rudolph as interesting, not because he is a Hapsburg, but because he is Crown-Prince of Austria.

We ordered some wine, and sat down on a bench under a tree, near the castle door, and reflected upon the associations that were interwoven with this old fortress of Hapsburg. This tame, uncared-for ruin has given rulers to Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, the Netherlands, and America; and has modified the course of the world's history no less in this the nineteenth, than in the thirteenth century. From these dilapidated walls there sprang the authors of the Diet of Worms, the Spanish Armada, the Thirty Years' War, the Pragmatic Sanction, and the Partition of Poland. From these narrow windows the ancestors of Charles V. and Philip II., of Maria Theresa and Marie Antoinette, watched the restless windings of the Aar; and to this very portal where we sit, the Margrave of Anspach and Baireuth, head of the House of Hohenzollern, dashed up, six centuries ago, to offer to Count Rodolph of Hapsburg, in the name of the Electors of Germany, the imperial crown of Charlemagne!

Doubtless, there was good cheer in this old castle in these bygone times; but alas! as we found to our cost, the old cellars must be long since dry. We agreed that we had never tasted worse wine; indeed it was so bad, that, unable to drink it, yet unwilling to wound the feelings of the *concierge*, by leaving it undrunk, we made a libation, by pouring it on the ground, to the memory of the heroes of the House of Hapsburg.

A walk of half an hour brought us again to the railway at the town of Brugg. Here there is an ancient church, roofed and in pretty good repair, though not now used for public worship, where, for many centuries, long after their attainment to greatness, were buried the members of the House of Hapsburg. The stained windows in this church are, by many competent authorities, deemed the finest in Europe. They were recently

copied for a Swiss Archæological Society by Mr Graeter of Basle, a celebrated Swiss engraver, who, for this purpose, was lowered from the roof of the church in a basket. The graves of the Austrian family are behind a partition in the west end of the nave; and I am sorry to say this seems to be the least-cared-for part of the building. Perhaps some steps may be taken to restore and refit the whole church, now that the House of Hapsburg has once more planted its foot upon its native soil.

THE MONTH.

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE recent debate on Mr Anderson's Patents' Bill has shown that there is a very marked feeling as to the necessity of reform in the laws relating to inventions. We have more than once called attention to the high fees payable in this country by inventors for the privilege of protecting their ideas, and to the manner in which such charges must cripple the progress of inventive brain-workers. That the costs of an English patent are much in excess of those customary in other countries may be seen from the following figures, which in each case include the first payment and the sum demanded at the end of three years: Belgium, four pounds; United States, fourteen pounds; Germany, eighteen pounds; France, twenty pounds; Austria, twenty pounds; England, one hundred pounds.

Messrs Tuchman & Co., of St Thomas's Street, London, have lately introduced a new Fire Annihilator in the form of a liquid consisting of chalk, alumina, and certain silicates dissolved in water. From recent experiments, it would seem that the compound is really what it professes to be. A timber shed, besides two stacks of wood and straw, which before being ignited, were saturated with petroleum, were extinguished by the new agent in less than two minutes, the liquid being merely applied to the burning mass by means of ordinary buckets. Apart from its annihilating properties, this liquid is said to render anything to which it has been applied absolutely fireproof.

A few years ago, the intended destruction of a certain picturesque old London inn suggested to a few artists the desirability of preserving its outlines, for the eyes of future generations, by the aid of photography. Many other old houses seemed to be worthy of similar attention, and in this way the 'Society for photographing Relics of Old London' began its useful work. This Society is now issuing, at regular intervals, permanent (auto-type) prints of many interesting spots which have already been, or will soon be, cleared away for more substantial, but possibly less picturesque structures. There are many cities far more rich in such relics than the Metropolis, and it would be well if similar precautions were taken for preserving their features. The Honorary Secretary of this Society is Mr A. Marks of Long Ditton, Surrey.

It is not often that the American is forestalled in his own country by any new venture of a

commercial nature; but a recent proposal to turn one of the avenues of the famed Mammoth Cave of Kentucky to practical account, comes from an enterprising Frenchman. He proposes to rent part of the Cave for the purpose of mushroom cultivation. The temperature of the Cavern is nearly uniform all the year round, and the deposits of the refuse of bats—of which there are large numbers in the Cave—when mixed with other fertilisers, are considered to be favourable for the propagation of edible fungi. Should the scheme prove successful, we may possibly have imported to this country tinned mushrooms, in addition to the vast variety of all kinds of food in canisters which daily reach our shores.

A disadvantage in the use of these tinned provisions is represented by the difficulty of opening the cans. This has been met and obviated by the use of a very simple and ingenious form of tin, invented by Mr J. Featherstone-Griffin, of Upper Thames Street, London. The lid of the can fits upon a sloping rim, and is there soldered air-tight. A few blows on this lid force it over a projecting shoulder, and at once break the line of solder all round. It can then be removed without difficulty. The cans are not damaged by the operation; so that if it would not exactly pay to send them back to the place of export, they will prove useful allies to the careful housewife.

Sir John Lubbock has brought before the Linnean Society some new observations upon Ant-life. These bear more especially upon the sensibility of those insects to different-coloured rays of the solar spectrum. The experiments which he described were founded on the fear shown by ants when their nests are disturbed, and their eagerness to carry their grubs to a place of darkness and apparent safety. By placing glasses of different colours above the ants, he soon found that they preferred to hide their treasures beneath certain colours, in preference to others. They showed a remarkable sensibility to violet light, preferring it to what is to us a far more transparent colour—namely, yellow. But the most remarkable fact elicited is that the sight of ants does not seem to be limited to what we regard as the visible rays of the spectrum. The ultra-violet rays—which to us are quite invisible, and are only made patent to us by experiment—seem to be apparent to them. To test this, upon the ants' nest a spectrum was thrown, the colours of which were so arranged that the disturbed inmates might retreat to the ultra-violet region, or to the space covered by the visible red rays. They invariably ran to the latter; showing that it presented to them a nearer approach to darkness, and therefore safety, than did the ultra-violet region, which to our eyes would be black as night. The author of the observations incidentally stated that some particular ants had been under his care for seven years, and that they were still vigorous and in perfect health. We believe that there is no record of similar longevity among insects; but this may

possibly be for want of such careful study as the busy ants have received.

The work of the modern chemist consists mainly of two great divisions—namely, analysis and synthesis. The former consists in dividing a compound substance into its component parts; and the latter in reversing that operation, or collecting all the materials wherewith to put together any particular compound. A remarkable instance of the latter operation was afforded some years ago by the manufacture from mineral agents of the vegetable colouring material of madder. This remarkable triumph of science has just been equalled, if not excelled, by the production of artificial indigo. That this discovery is of great importance, may be judged by the statement that the value of natural indigo imported here amounts to about two millions sterling annually. The artificial product cannot at present compete with imported indigo, for the cost of manufacture is too great. But there is every reason to believe that in the near future there will be less necessity for its importation.

It will be remembered that great interest was excited last summer by the discovery, in the *Victoria Regia* tank in the Botanic Gardens, London, of a fresh-water jelly-fish or *Medusa*. Although, during the late winter, this tank was cleared out and remained for some months empty, these curious organisms have again made their appearance, and very nearly on the anniversary of their first discovery.

While the inhabitants of India are doing all in their power to destroy the serpents which year after year find so many thousands of human victims, the Fellows of the Zoological Society at home are intent upon rearing a brood of young pythons. A python in the Society's Gardens recently deposited a number of eggs, and is now engaged in the motherly duty of incubation. The eggs are carefully covered by the reptile's folds, and the mother herself is hidden from curious eyes by a blanket. The last attempt at snake-hatching was in 1862, and for some reason it failed, although after-examination showed that many of the eggs were fertile. Naturalists hope, in the present instance, for a more successful issue.

The great engineering feat of cutting a passage through the Isthmus of Suez seems to have initiated some bold proposals of a similar nature. M. Lesseps is already busy upon the narrow neck of land at Panama, and we hope that it will soon yield to his genius and perseverance. In the meantime, another well-known Frenchman has been commissioned to pierce the Isthmus of Corinth, which separates the Adriatic and Ægean Seas. The ruins of the works begun with the same object by the Emperor Nero, are still shown at Corinth. Whether these were abandoned for want of capital, or because of the absence of means for blasting the rock, is unknown. In the present time, if money be forthcoming—as it assuredly will be for such an important work—dynamite will solve the rest of the question.

Those who have visited any of the large agricultural shows will remember the immense machine designed to supersede the plough, which is known as Darby's Digger. It resembles in outward appearance a huge traction engine moving sideways, with projecting forks or spades, which are alternately lifted and buried in the

ground as the monster advances. Many improvements have lately been made in this modern representative of spade-culture, and it is doing good work in the character of a hired farm-servant at Writtle.

The pollution of streams, and consequent destruction of fish, about which we occasionally hear so much, seems to have its counterpart in the ocean upon a very extended scale. The Gulf of Mexico suffered in 1844, in 1854, in 1878, and again last year, from a widespread destruction of marine life, the water being apparently poisoned. The keeper of the Egmont lighthouse reports that, in October last, the waters were covered with dead fish, and that the next day dead and dying fish were strewn along the shores. The effluvium from the putrefying mass became so terrible, that it was almost impossible to withstand it, until a gale brought unpolluted water and air in its wake. The curious phenomenon will probably be traced to the escape of volcanic gases from the bed of the Gulf. Professor Baird is inquiring into the matter, and his Report upon it will be looked forward to with interest.

A lecture was recently delivered before the Paris Geographical Society by Dr Lenz, who has just returned from an expedition through the Desert of Sahara. He states that the proposal to turn the Desert into an inland sea by flooding it is impracticable. He notices that the climate is not so hot as has been generally believed—that wild beasts are scarce—and that the only enemies to be dreaded are the ferocious Touraeg tribes.

There is also current a belief that the central part of South Australia consists of little else than desert land, which by reason of its absence of water and every kind of vegetation, is inhospitable to man and beast. Mr Sanger has recently published in the *Colonies* a Report which will go far to remove this impression. He tells us how a great part of the land is intersected by watercourses, which branch out into flood-flats or lakes; and although these are, in certain seasons, dried up, or much reduced in bulk, there is reason to believe in the existence of an immense store of subterranean water. It would thus seem that by well-sinking, as well as by careful storage of the water now allowed to run to waste, this so-called Desert might, with the assistance of scientific husbandry, be turned into a fruitful land.

The 'dark continent' is to receive another intrepid traveller, in the person of M. Léon Lacroix, who has brought before the Lille Geographical Society a scheme for penetrating the country in a hitherto unexplored region. The difficulties of the enterprise are very great, but not more than those already successfully overcome by explorers in other directions. M. Lacroix hopes, by following the course of the river Welle, to reach a part of the country about which absolutely nothing of a definite nature is at present known. We may well wish the author of the enterprise God-speed.

A voyage of a far different kind has just been commenced by Mr Benjamin Lee Smith, who for the fifth time has started on a private expedition to the Arctic regions. He intends to proceed direct to Franz Josef Land, a large portion of which he explored and mapped last year. He carries with him the materials for building a house, which will serve as a refuge, in case of accident,

not only to his own crew, but to any travellers who follow them. The twenty-five men who compose the expedition are provided with rations for fifteen months; but the voyage is not expected to last more than one-third of that time.

A paper lately read before the American Society of Civil Engineers by Mr Shaler Smith gives some curious records of that gentleman's observations with relation to wind-pressure and its effects. During a storm at St Louis in 1871, the wind overturned a locomotive—a feat requiring ninety-three pounds on the square foot. Six years later, a jail at St Charles was wrecked by a pressure of eighty-three pounds. Besides these extraordinary cases, the author quoted several instances in which bridges were destroyed, and trains were blown bodily from the rails. People who are fond of grumbling at British weather, may remember with thankfulness that they are rarely if ever visited by such ill winds as these.

Mr L. B. Bertram, of 25 Cornwall Road, London, has recently obtained a patent for the construction of solid ink printing-rollers and colour-pads for rubber and other stamps. The ingredients of the compound employed consist of gelatine, glucose, glycerine, aniline dye of any desired colour, and acetic acid. This invention would seem to be a new application of the 'Graph' composition commonly used for copying manuscripts and drawings.

The Comet which recently formed so attractive an object in the heavens, has been, like everything else that makes its appearance in these advanced days, subjected to the critical eye of the photographic camera. The spectrum so obtained has enabled Dr Huggins to detect certain bright lines, which he attributes to the presence of carbon. There is also evident in the photograph a continuous spectrum showing what are termed the Fraunhofer lines. In this way the photographic image has corroborated certain observations recorded by the same observer in 1868—namely, that comets shine partly by their luminosity, and partly—like other members of the solar system—by light borrowed from the sun.

M. Salignac intends, it is said, to exhibit his new Electrical Cooking-stove at the forthcoming Electrical Exhibition at Paris. It is to be fixed in the grill-room of the attached restaurant, so that visitors can partake of a chop or steak cooked by the electric current. This application of electricity is suggestive of enormous revolutions in the kitchens of the future, both as regards the use of coal and gas for cooking purposes.

The recent explorations in the Gaboon—undertaken by Hugo von Koppenfels—have rendered clear the existence of a hybrid between the gorilla and chimpanzee. The explorer thus accounts for the many so-called species of apes which obtain local names from the natives. He further found that the mammalian fauna round about the Gaboon includes very few of the large animals common in the interior. The manatee—which our readers will remember has lately figured in our home aquaria as the 'Mermaid of Tradition'—is gradually disappearing, owing to the pertinacity with which it is hunted, its succulent flesh being much esteemed by the natives.

The highest point in Britain—the summit of Ben Nevis—is now furnished with a meteorological station, which transmits daily reports for publica-

tion in the *Times*. Mr Wragge—who has undertaken the duty of observer, on behalf of the Scottish Meteorological Society—lives at the foot of the mountain, and makes the ascent every day, starting on his laborious journey at five A.M. Considering that the mountain-path has lately been deep with snow, and that mist is frequent, the undertaking is by no means free from danger, to say nothing of discomfort.

We not unfrequently hear of lamentable accidents in coal-ships not only from the explosion of confined gas, but also from the spontaneous combustion of the cargo. Herr Haedicke has by experiment shown these fires to be due to the presence of iron pyrites, which undergo a chemical change gradually leading to ignition. The occasional application of a jet of steam to moisten the exposed surfaces of the coal would, he considers, render accidents of this class almost impossible.

We have already indicated the intention of the Royal Commission upon Accidents in Mines to inquire into the suitability of the electric lamp as a help and safeguard to colliery workers. Experiments having this object in view have lately been carried out at the Peasley Colliery, near Mansfield. As it was necessary to choose some form of lamp entirely cut off from communication with the surrounding atmosphere, the Swan lamp, which consists of a filament of incandescent carbon inside an exhausted glass bulb, was selected for trial. The number of lamps in circuit, which were actuated by a Gramme machine at the pit-mouth, were no less than ninety-four. The Commissioners expressed their satisfaction at the result of these experiments, which extended over two days; and we may therefore hope that one element of danger will in the future be remitted from the many which threaten the life of the poor coal-miner.

Captain Cator has invented an Alarm Buoy, which is intended to obviate such a lamentable catastrophe as that which a few years ago capsized the *Iron Duke*. It will be remembered that, in a dense fog, that ship was scuttled by the ram of another vessel which was following in its wake. The new buoy consists of an iron tube with conical ends, which is towed behind the vessel it is intended to protect. Like a patent log, it possesses a screw, which revolves as it is pulled through the water. Each revolution is marked by the stroke of an attached gong, which gives out a warning note to any vessel in its vicinity. Further than this, the time elapsing between each stroke will enable the ships of a squadron to reckon the rate at which their leader is steaming, and thus keep up a uniform speed, while the sound itself will prevent them from becoming unduly separated from one another.

The machine-gun trials have resulted in a Report, by the Committee appointed, in favour of the two-barrel Gardner gun, as being the most suitable for the general purposes of both military and naval services. Where a more powerful weapon is occasionally required for special work, they recommend the larger form of Gardner, which possesses five barrels.

The improvements which have lately been made in the cultivation of sugar-beet, as well as in the manner in which the saccharine is obtained from the raw material, have once more turned the attention of agriculturists to the possibility of

growing the root, and producing sugar from it, in this country. The extent of this industry in various parts of Europe, where neither soil nor climate offers special advantages which we lack, is enormous. Indeed, the production on the continent alone is estimated at more than one-third of the amount of sugar manufactured from all sources in the whole world. The value of our present annual import of beet-sugar amounts to between seven and eight millions sterling; and, with the recent improved mode of culture and manufacture already alluded to, there seems no reason—except it be the natural half-heartedness born of years of disappointment among our farmers—why we should not produce at home the sugar which this large sum represents. In undertaking this new branch of industry, our agriculturists would have the advantage of profiting by continental experience in choice of machinery and in methods of manufacture; and they would not have to make a market for their produce, as in the case of a new article of diet, for they would find one ready made.

The annual Report of the Inspectors of Irish Fisheries forms a very favourable contrast to the general news which reaches us from the sister isle. In every district but one, the salmon harvest has been far above the average, in some cases more abundant than in any previous year. Even in the Cork district, where poaching is carried on openly in absolute defiance of the law, and where the fish have been destroyed in every illegal manner, the salmon have not declined in numbers. It is only within the last few years that fish-culture has been brought to the position of a fine art, and that various Exhibitions of fishery-apparatus have been held. That which was recently held at Norwich proved a success; and now we hear of a proposal to hold a National Fisheries Exhibition next year at Edinburgh.

An ingenious method of cooling railway carriages or travelling cars of any description has been invented and patented by Mr Fridenberg of Philadelphia. A revolving shaft, furnished with blades which act as fans, runs along the inside roof of the car. It is set in motion by a small windmill outside, or, in the case of a carriage travelling at a slow speed, such as a tram-car, by belting connected with the axle of the wheels. We fear that a large proportion of British travellers would fail to see the advantage gained by this circulation of the air. It is a common experience to find a railway carriage crowded with passengers who keep every window rigidly closed. They appear not to object to being poisoned, but they certainly will not sit in a draught.

A new process for working the rare metal iridium has been brought forward by Mr John Holland of Cincinnati. Iridium has the appearance of steel, but is much harder; it represents, indeed, such a refractory material, that hitherto it has been worked with the greatest difficulty, neither hammer nor file making any impression upon it. The new process consists in adding phosphorus to the metal after it has been brought to a great heat. The iridium is then cast in moulds, after which the phosphorus is eliminated. As an electrode for the arc form of electric lamp, iridium is unrivalled. Its cost—at present far above that of pure gold—has hitherto limited iridium to the laboratory; but the new method of

manufacture will probably bring down its price, and make it popular in many industries where small quantities of intensely hard material are required.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

SCULPTURING ON GRANITE WITH STONE IMPLEMENTS.

IN a second volume on *Excavations at Carnac*, in Brittany, by the late Mr James Miln (Edinburgh: David Douglas), an interesting statement is made as to the manner in which ancient sculpturing on granite blocks may have been executed in an age when as yet iron tools were unknown. The statement is as follows: 'It has been held by some archaeologists that these sculpturings could not have been cut without the use of iron tools; but others have of late years succeeded in reproducing similar markings on granite slabs, using solely stone implements; and in doing so they found that diorite and other such tough stones cut the granite better than flint. This corresponds with the practice of the stone-cutters of the present time, whose steel tools for cutting granite are of a much softer temper than those they use for cutting sandstone. The great sculptured stone of Montezuma, in Mexico, is a striking proof of the extent to which granite can be sculptured with stone implements. Gama, in his work describing this stone, states that ten thousand Indians were employed in transporting it to the city of Mexico, where it was sculptured by thirty workmen with stone axes.'

THE ARTIFICIAL CULTURE OF SPONGES.

A Report has been issued by Professor Baird, the Fish Commissioner to the United States, in which some interesting details are given of the way in which the sponge of commerce may be produced by artificial culture. Professor Oscar Schmidt, of the University of Grätz, has been so successful in his preliminary efforts in this direction, that the Austrian government have authorised him to attempt the development of the industry on the coast of Dalmatia. The process is very simple, consisting in selecting the proper season in the spring, dividing a living marketable sponge into numerous small pieces, and then fastening them to stakes driven into the sea-bottom. These fragments at once begin to grow out, and at the end of a given time each one becomes an entire sponge. According to Mr Schmidt, three years is a sufficient length of time to obtain from very small pieces fair-sized sponges. In one experiment, the cost of raising four thousand sponges amounted only to nine pounds, or about a half-penny each; and this sum included the interest for three years on the capital employed.

'W A G E S.'

I.

It was a merry brook, that ran
Beside my cottage-door all day;
I heard it, as I sat and span,
Singing a pleasant song away.

I span my thread with mickle care;
The weight within my hand increased;
The Spring crept by me unaware;
The brook dried up—the music ceased.

I missed it little, took small thought
That silent was its merry din,
Because its melody was wrought
Into the thread I sat to spin.

II.

It was a lark that sang most sweet
Amongst the sunrise clouds so red;
I knew his nest lay near my feet,
Although he sang so high o'erhead.

And though he sang so loud and clear
Up in the golden clouds above,
His throbbing song seemed wondrous near;
I twined it with the web I wove.

The long days' glory still drew on;
Then Autumn came; the Summer fled;
The music that I loved was gone;
The song was hushed—the singer dead.

III.

I wove on with a steadfast heart;
My web grew greater, fold on fold.
I bore it to the crowded mart;
They paid my wage in good red gold—

Red gold, and fine. I turned me back.
The city's dust was in my throat—
No brook ran babbling down its track;
No bird trilled out a tender note—

But city noise, and rush, and heat.
The gold was red like minted blood.
Oh! for the cool grass to my feet,
The bird's song, and the babbling flood.

IV.

I turned me, and I went my way—
My lonely, empty way, alone;
The gold within my bosom lay;
My woven web of dreams was gone!

Did the gold pay me? No; in sooth.
Gold never paid for brook and bird,
Nor for the coined dreams of youth,
Nor for the music that I heard.

My web is gone! The gold is mine.
And they who bought it, can they see
What dreams and fancies intertwine
With every woven thread for me?

F. C. A.

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1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

2d. To insure return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. MANUSCRIPTS should bear the author's full Christian name, surname, and address, legibly written; and should be written on white (not blue) paper, and on one side of the leaf only.

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